

SUNDAY'S SERMON.

ONE OF DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S
STERLING DISCOURSES.

"Sharpened Axes" (Preached at Madison, Wis.).

TEXT: "None have as a smith found
throughout all the land of Israel," etc.—
Isaiah xlii, 19-21.

My loving and glad salutation to this un-
counted host, Chautauquans, Christian En-
deavors, gospel workers and their friends
from all parts of Wisconsin and America,
saints and sinners! My text is gloriously
appropriate. What a gallant juxtaposition
the Israelites were suffering! The Philistines
had carried off all the blacksmiths and torn
down all the blacksmiths' shops and abolished
the blacksmith's trade in the land of Israel.
These Philistines had a particular grudge
against blacksmiths, although I have never
admired them and have sometimes thought
I ought to have been one myself. The Phil-
istines would not even allow these parties to
work their valuable mines of brass and iron,
or might they make any swords or spears.
There were only two smiths left in all the
land. Yea, these Philistines went on until
they had taken all the grinders from the
land of Israel, so that if an Israelitish farmer
wanted to sharpen his plow or his ax he had
to go over to the garrison of the Philistines
to get it done. There was only one shapen-
ing instrument left in the land, and that was
a file. The farmers and the mechanics were
doing nothing to whet up the coulters, and the
road, and the pickaxe save a simple file, in-
dustry was hindered and work practically
discarded.

The great idea of these Philistines was to
keep the Israelites disarmed. They might
get iron out of the hills to make axes and
yet they would not have any blacksmiths to
weld this iron. If they got the iron welded,
they would have no grinders on which to
beating the instruments of agriculture or the
military weapons up to an edge. Oh, you
poor, weaponless Israelites, reduced to a file,
how I pity you! But these Philistines were
not forever to keep their heel on the neck of
God's children. Jonathan, on his hands and
knees, climbed a great rock beyond which
were the Philistines, and his armor bearer,
on his hands and knees, climbed up the same
rock, and these two men, with their two
swords, went to pieces the Philistines, the
Lord throwing a great terror upon them. So
it was then: so it is now. The two men of
God from their knees mightier than a Philistine
host on their feet.

I learn first from this subject how danger-
ous it is for the church of God to allow its
weapons to stay in the hands of its enemies.
These Israelites might again and again have
obtained a supply of swords and spears,
as for instance, when they
took the spoils of the Amorites, but these
Israelites seemed content to have
no swords, no spears, no blacksmiths,
no grinders, no active iron mines, until it
was too late for them to make any resistance.
I see the farmers tugging along with their
pickaxes and plows, and I say, "Where are
you going with these things?" "They say,
"Oh, we are going over to the garrison of
the Philistines to get these things sharp-
ened." I say, "You foolish men: why don't
you sharpen them at home?" "Oh," they
say, "the blacksmiths' shops are all torn
down, and we have nothing left us but a file."

So it is in the church of Christ to-day. We
are too willing to give up our weapons to the
enemy. The world boasts that it has gob-
bled up the schools, and the colleges, and
the arts, and the sciences, and the literature,
and the printing press. Infidelity is making
a mighty attempt to get all our weapons in
its hand and then to keep them. It is making
this boast all the time, and after a while,
when the great battle between sin and
righteousness has opened, if we do not
look out we will be as badly off as these Is-
raelites, without any weapons to fight with
and without any sharpened instruments.

I call upon the superintendents of literary
institutions to see to it that the men who go
into the classrooms to stand beside the Ley-
den jars, and the electric batteries, and the
microscopes, and the Hittite and Agassiz,
God, not Philistines. The atheist thinkers
of this day are trying to get out the intel-
lectual weapons of this century in their own
grasp. What we want is scientific Christians
to capture the science, and scholastic Chris-
tians to capture the scholarship, and philoso-
phic Christians to capture the philosophy, and
lecturing Christians to take back the lecturing
platform.

We want to send out against Schenkel
and Strauss and Renan of the past men like
the late Theodore Christlieb of Bonn, and
against the infidel scientists a God worship-
ing Silliman and Hitchcock and Agassiz.
We want to capture all the philosophical
apparatus and swing around the telescope
on the swivel until through them we can see
the morning star of the Redeemer, and with
mineralogical hammer discover the "Rock
of Ages," and amid the flora of the realms
find the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the
Valley."

We want a clergy learned enough to dis-
cuss the human eye, showing it to be a
microscope and telescope in one instrument,
with 800,000 or 900,000 lenses showing the
muscles and nerves and tendons, and the
winding up with the peroration, "He that
formed the eye, shall He not see?" And
then we want to discuss about the human
hand, its wonderful segments, membranes
and vibration, and its chain of small bones,
and its auditory nerves, closing with the
question, "He that planted the ear, shall He
not hear?"

And we want some one able to expound
the first chapter of Genesis, bringing to us
the geology and the astronomy of the world,
until, as Job suggested, "the stones of the
field shall be in league" with the truth, and
"the stars in their courses shall fight against
Satan." Oh, church of God, go out and re-
capture these weapons. Let men of God go
out and take possession of the platform. Let
all the printing press of this country speak
out for Christ, and the reporters, and the
typewriters, and the editors and publishers
swear allegiance to the Lord God of truth.

Ah, my friend, that day must come, and if
the great body of Christian men have not
faith, or the courage, or the consecration to
do it, then let some Jonathan on his busy
hands and on his praying knees climb up on
the rock of hindrance, and in the name of
the Lord God of Israel slay to pieces those
literary Philistines. If these men will
not be converted to God, then they must be
destroyed.

Again, I learn from this subject what a
large amount of the church's resources is
actually hidden and undeveloped. The Bible
intimates that that was a very
rich land—this land of Israel. It says
"The stones are iron, and out of the hills
thou shalt dig brass," and yet hundreds of
thousands of dollars' worth of this metal was
being used under the hills. Well, that is the
difficulty with the church of God at this day. Its
talent is not developed. If one-half of its
energy could be brought out, it might take
the public iniquities of the day by the throat
and make them bite the dust. If human
resources were consecrated to the Lord
God, there could in a few years persuade
the whole world to surrender to God.

There is enough undeveloped Christian
energy in the United States to bring the
whole world to Christ, but it is buried un-
der strata of indifference and unbelief, like
mountains of cloth. Now, is it not time for
the mining to begin, and the pickaxe to
plunge, and for this buried metal to be
brought out and put into the furnace and
be the Lord's host? The vast majority of
Christians in this day are useless. The
most of the Lord's battalion belong to the
reserve corps. The most of the new army
is asleep in the hammocks. The most of the
metal is under the hills.

Oh, is it not time for the church of God to
rouse up and understand that it want all
the energies, all the talents and all the wealth
enlisted for Christ's sake? I like the nick-
name that the English soldiers gave to Na-
buck, the commander. They called him "Old
Forward." We have had enough retreats in
the church of Christ; let us have a vigorous
advance. And I say to you now as the gen-
eral said to his troops, "If there be any
rising up in his stirrups, his hat flying in
the wind, he lifted his voice until 20,000
troops heard him, crying out, "Forward, the
whole line!"

Again, I learn from this subject that we
must do well to take advantage of the
world's sharpened instruments. These
Israelites were reduced to a file, and so they
went over to the garrison of the Philistines
to get their axes and their goods, and their
plows sharpened. The Bible distinctly states
in the context that they had no other instru-
ments now with which to do this work, and
the Israelites did right when they went over
to the Philistines to use their grinders. My
friends, let it not right for us to employ
the world's grinders? If there be any, if
there be logic, if there be business faculty,
on the other side, let us go over and employ
for Christ's sake.

The fact is we fight with too dull weapons,
and we work with too dull implements. We
back and we maul what we ought to make a
clean stroke. Let us go over among sharp
business men and among sharp literary men
and find out what their taste is, and then
transfer it to the cause of Christ. If they
have science and art, it will do us good to
rub against it. In other words, let us em-
ploy their tools and we will watch their ac-
tion, and we will use their grinders, and we
will borrow their philosophical apparatus to
make our experiments, and we will bor-
row their printing presses to publish our
Bibles, and we will borrow their rail trains
to carry our Christian literature, and we
will borrow their ships to transport our
missionaries.

That was what made Paul such a master in
his day. He not only got all the learning he
could get of Dr. Gamaliel, but afterward
standing on Mars Hill and in crowded thor-
oughfares quoted their poetry and grasped
their logic and wielded their eloquence and
employed their mythology until Dionysius,
the Areopagite, learned in the schools of
Athens and Heliopolis, went down under his
tremendous powers.

That was what gave Thomas Chalmers his
power in his day. He conquered the world's
reason and compelled it to ring out the wis-
dom and greatness of the Lord, until for the
second time the morning stars sang to-
gether, and all the sons of God shouted for
joy. That was what gave to Jonathan Ed-
wards his influence in his day. He con-
quered the world's metaphysics and forced it
into the service of God, until not only the
old meeting house in Northampton, Mass.,
but all Christendom, felt thrilled by his
Christian power.

Well, now, my friends, we all have tools of
Christian usefulness. Do not let them be
their edges. We want no rusty blades in
this fight. We want no colts that cannot
rip up the globe. We want no ax that can-
not cut the world's tree. We want no good that
cannot start the lazy team. Let us get the
very best grinders from the Philistines,
they be in the possession of the Philistines,
compelling them to turn the crank, while we
bear down with all our might on the swift
revolving wheel until all our energies and
reasons are brought up to a bright,
keen, sharp, glittering edge.

Again, my subject teaches us on what a
small allowance Philistine inquiry puts a
man. Yes, these Philistines shut up the
mines, and then they took the spears and the
swords, then they took the blacksmiths, then
they took the grinders, and they took
everything but a file, that is the way sin
operates. It grabs everything, begins with
robbery, and it ends with robbery, and it de-
spoliates this faculty and that faculty and keeps
on until the whole nature is gone. Was the
man eloquent before, it generally thickens
his tongue, it mars his visage. Was he afflu-
ent, it sends the sheriff to sell him. Was he in-
fluential, it destroys his popularity. Was he
placid and genial and loving, it makes him
suspicious and cross, and so utterly is he
changed that you can see he is sarcastic and
resentful, and that the Philistines have left him
nothing but a file.

Oh, "the way of the transgressor is hard."
His cup is bitter. His night is dark. His
pangs are deep. His end is terrible. Philis-
tine iniquity says to that man, "Now, sur-
render to me, and I will give you all I
want—money, for the dance, swift steeds
for the race, imperial couch to slumber
on, and you shall be refreshed with the
rarest fruits in baskets of golden filigree."
The fruits burst the mind with rank poison.
The filigree is made up of twisted snakes.
The couch is a grave. Small allowance of
rest, small allowance of peace, small allow-
ance of comfort. Cold, hard, rough—noth-
ing but a file. So it was with Voltaire, the
most applauded man of his day:

The Scripture was his jestbook, whence he drew
Balaam and the Christian and the Jew;
An angel when he was but a child, and
Oh, then a text would touch him to the quick.

Seized with hemorrhage of the lungs in
Paris, where he had gone to be crowned in
a messenger to get a priest that he may be
reconciled to the church before he dies. A
great terror falls upon him. He is a great
place all round about him so dismal that the
nurse declares that she would not for all the
wealth of Europe see another infidel die.
Philistine iniquity had promised him all the
world's garlands, but in the last hour of his
life, when he needed solace and tears, he
across his conscience and his nerves a file.

So it was with Lord Byron, his unclean-
ness in England only surpassed by his unclean-
ness in Venice, then going on to his brilliant
miserable at Missolonghi, and fretting at his
nurse, Fletcher, fretting at himself, fretting
at the world, fretting at God, and he who
gave to the world "Childe Harold," and
"Sardanapalus," and "The Prisoner of
Chillon," and "The Siege of Corinth," re-
duced to nothing but a file!

Oh, sin has great facility for making prom-
ises, but it has just as great facility for
breaking them. A Christian life is a costly
cheerful life, while a life of wicked surren-
der is remorse, ruin and death. Its painted gle-
am is a sepulchral ghastliness. In the brightest
day of the Christian Empire Montezuma
said he felt like a man whose heart something
like a canker. Sin, like a monster wild
beast of the forest, sometimes licks at your
victim in order that the victim may be
more easily swallowed; but generally sin
rips and galls and tears and upbraids and
flies. Is it not so, Herod? Is it not so, Hi-
debrand? Is it not so, Hebebrand? Aye!
aye! it is so; it is so. "The way of the
wicked He turneth upside down."

History tells us that when Rome was
founded, on that day there were 12 vultures
flying through the air, but when a trans-
gressor flies the sky is black with whole
flocks of them. Vultures! When I see sin
robbing so many people, and I see them go-
ing down day by day and week by week, I
must give a plain warning. I dare not keep
it back lest I risk the salvation of my own
soul. Bover, the pirate, pulled down the
sails of the ship on Inchcape rock, thinking that
he would have a chance to depool vessels
that were crushed on the rocks, but one
night his own ship crashed down on this
very rock, and he went down with all his
cargo. God declares, "When I say to the
wicked, thou shalt surely die, and thou
givest him warning, that same man shall
die in his iniquity, but his blood will I re-
quire at thy hands."

I learn from this subject what a sad thing
it is when the church of God loses its metal.
These Philistines saw that if they could only
get all the metallic weapons out of the hands
of the Israelites all would be well, and there-
fore they took the spears and the swords and
the shields and the armor and the armor
They did not want them to have a single me-
talline weapon. When the metal of the Is-
raelites was gone, their strength was gone.
This is the trouble with the church of God to-
day. It is surrendering its courage. It has
lost enough metal. How seldom it is that
you see men taking position in a new
or in pulpits, or in religious society, and
holding that position against all oppression,
and all trial, and all persecutions and all criti-
cisms.

The church of God to-day wants more
backbone, more defiance, more consecrated
bravery, more metal. How often you see a
man start out in some good enterprise and
at the first blast of newspaper he has col-
lapsed, and all his courage gone, forget-
ful of the fact that if a man be right all the
newspapers of the earth, with all their col-
ors, cannot put him down. It is only when a
man is wrong that he can be beaten down.
God is going to vindicate His truth, and He
is going to stand by you, my friends, in
every effort you make for Christ's cause and
the salvation of men.

Sometimes say to my wife: "There is
something wrong, the newspapers have not
assailed me for three months. I have done
my duty against public iniquities, and I
will stir them up next Sunday." Then I
stir them up, and all the following week the
devil howls and howls, showing that I have
very much to say. Go forth in the service
of Christ and do your whole duty. You have
one sphere. I have another sphere. "The
Lord of Hosts is with us, and the God of
Jacob is our refuge. Selah."

We want more of the determination of
Jonathan. I do not suppose he was a very
wonderful man, but he got on his knees and
climbed up the rock, and with the help of
his armor bearer he heaved down the
Philistines, and a man of very ordinary in-
tellectual attainments, on his knees, can
storm anything for God and for the truth.

We want something of the determination of
the general who went into the war, and as
he entered his first battle he knocked out
to his moral courage, and he looked down at
his knees and said, "Ah, if you knew where
I was going to take you, you would shake
worse than that!"

There is only one question for you to ask
and for me to ask. What does God want me
to do? Where is the field? Where is the
work? Where is the anvil? Where is the
prayer meeting? Where is the pulpit? And
finding out what God wants us to do go
ahead and do it—all the energies of our body,
mind and soul enlisted in the undertaking.
Oh, my friends, we have but little time
in which to fight for God. You will be dead
soon.

Put in the Christian cause every energy
that God gives you. "What thy hand findeth
to do, do it with all thy might, for there is
no reward nor device in the grave
whither we are all hastening. Oh, is it not
high time that we wake out of sleep? Church
of God lift up your head at the coming day
of glory. The Philistines will go down, and
the Israelites will go up. We are on the winning
side. Hear that—the winning side!"

I think just now the King's horses are be-
ing hooked up to the chariot, and when He
does ride down the sky there will be such
hosannas among His friends and such a wail-
ing among His enemies as will make the earth
plume of the Lord's armymen tossing in
the air. The Archangel blowing the trumpet
has already sounded his trumpet, and then he
will put his golden lips to his own, and he
will blow the long, loud blast that will make
all Nations free. Clap your hands, all ye
saints! Hear I hear the falling thrones
and the dashing down of demolished in-
iquities.

FOUR SOLDIERS KILLED
and Six Mortally Wounded by the Flem-
ons Gang in Virginia.

PIKEVILLE, Ky., July 22.—Information
has been received at this city of a terrible
bloody fight in Wise county Va., last
Wednesday. For several months past the
Virginia authorities have wanted the Flem-
ons boys very badly. The boys, four in
number, are accused of participating in a
triple murder some months ago. Doc
Taylor, one of the gang, was captured and
hanged for the crime, but the Flemons
boys have so far evaded arrest.

Two weeks or more ago the Governor
of Virginia sent a company of 60 soldiers
to assist the sheriff of Wise county in ar-
resting the outlaws.

On Wednesday the militia overtook the
outlaws and a horribly bloody battle oc-
curred. Four soldiers were killed and six
mortally wounded. Oliver Flemons was
shot also, and is dying.

Died from His Injuries.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 22.—David
T. Newlin, a retired merchant of Philadel-
phia, who was accidentally shot Thurs-
day last by his son, Joseph D. Newlin, a prom-
inent hardware merchant of this place, died
last night. He had been unconscious most
of the time since he made an anti-mortem
statement to Coroner Van Dyke of Long
Branch.

Convict Post Exposed the Plot.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., July 22.—The
man who exposed the plot of the convicts at
Danmora to murder the guards and escape
is, it is said upon good authority,
George F. Post, of New York, the friend
of "Bunco King" O'Brien.

Oklahoma After Statehood.

GUTHRIE, O. T., July 21.—A statehood
convention is called to meet at El Reno, on
Aug. 8. Every city, town and county in
the Territory will be represented and it is
proposed to start a movement for the call-
ing of a constitutional convention this fall.

Price Thinks His Case Will Be Quashed.

HACKENSACK, N. J., July 21.—Ex-
Governor Price is in the custody of
Sheriff Bogert of Hackensack. The ex-
and despite the action of Chancellor Mc-
Gill in demanding new bonds, he thinks
the case will eventually be quashed. He is
a civil peasant and enjoys his liberty with
Justice Heath.

WILLOW AS A CROP.

Cutting Time Comes Once in Forty
Years, But It Pays.

In a beautiful sweep of lowland north
of Melvale station, on the Northern Cen-
tral Railroad, and about nine miles from
the city, there is a peculiar farm. It is
peculiar in that it reads to its owner
and tiller but one crop in four years, and
that a crop of willow shoots.

The farmer, Antone Spath, came from
Frankfort, Germany, many years ago,
and after erecting himself a comfortable
stone house, which still stands in the
midst of a picturesque clump of willows,
at the end of the little valley, set about
planting his first crop of willow shoots.
Every year he has gone on planting row
after row until the valley has become
covered with them. Spath learned the
art of weaving willow ware in his
boyhood days by the shores of the River
Main, and as fast as his little plantation
grew he gathered the shoots, stripped
them of their green outer covering, and
after drying them, wove baskets of every
conceivable form or size.

"It seems rather peculiar work in this
country," said the willow farmer, in
speaking of his business, "but in all
parts of Europe, especially in the Ger-
man provinces, it is a very common
thing to find willow plantations and
willow weavers, for there willow is used
in many forms and for a greater number
of purposes than I find it used in this
country. In Germany and France
willow is employed in making at least
twenty different sorts of bird cages,
while in America metal is used—brass or
iron wire—and different woods. Among
the best families in European countries
gradles, woven by German workers, may
be found constructed entirely of willow.
Then there are a hundred and one shapes
of marketing baskets, baskets used by
milliners and laundresses, baskets and
panniers to be carried upon the backs of
man and beasts for holding fish and
fowl.

"In preparing the willow for the
weaver, we plant the slips in long rows,
parallel with a running stream of water,
and cut them when they have attained
four years of growth. The cutting time
is early in the spring, before the sap is
done running, and after tying them in
bundles they are placed in ponds of
water to keep them in a green state until
ready for stripping. Stripping the willow
is accomplished by drawing the willow
switches through and between two heavy
iron stanchions, whose edges peel the
light green bark from the white heart,
and then, after drying or curing them
upon long racks, we have got the willow
in a form for the weaver.

"It was many years after I planted
this farm with willows before any one
thought of imitating my example, but
now there are several other plantations
located upon the Washington and An-
napolis roads, and though you may find
quite as busy scenes there, you will
scarcely find a more picturesque place
than this anywhere, and that was one of
the reasons that led me to settle here."

[Baltimore American.]

Holland's Herring Aristocracy.


Needless to say that, being so sur-
rounded by water, the Dutch are great
lovers of fish. Indeed, social rank is
indicated by the consumption of fish,
and strange to say that for this purpose
the humblest of all fish, the common
herring, has been selected.

At a good restaurant at Amsterdam I
asked for a thoroughly Dutch dish, and
to my great surprise a small raw herring
was served to me, and for this strange
dish I was made to pay a very large
price. In answer to my inquiries I was
informed in a particular tone indicative
of something surprising and wonderful
that it was a new herring. I was fur-
ther told that new herring cost a few
weeks ago as much as \$1 each. I pro-
tested that in London new herring were
often sold at one cent each or three her-
ring for two cents. In answer to this I
was smilingly informed that in Holland
herring were not during the season any
dearer; only, though just as fresh, they
were not called a new herring. The
point is to eat a new herring, and a new
herring means a herring out of season, or
the first herring that heralds the coming
season. It is these rare and early herring
that are sold at \$1 each. Then the price
falls to half a dollar, then to twenty
cents, to ten cents, to five cents, and
finally to one cent or less.

When the new herring are first an-
nounced Dutchmen inquire of one an-
other, "Have you already eaten a new
herring?" If you are able to answer "Yes"
early in the season then you are consid-
ered a man of means and importance.
But if you continue for long confessing
that you have not eaten any new herring
then your kind and charitable friends
conclude you must be involved in serious
financial difficulties.—[Chicago Times.]

Had Considered That Pint.

In Illinois there is an old law on the
statute-books to the effect that in crim-
inal cases the jury is "judge" of the
law as well as the facts. Though
not often quoted, once in a while a
lawyer with a desperate case makes use
of it. In one case the judge instructed
the jury that it was to judge of the law
as well as the facts, but added that it was
not to judge of the law unless it was
fully satisfied that it knew more law than
the judge. An outrageous verdict was
brought in, contrary to all instructions
of the court, who felt called upon to re-
buke the jury. At last one old farmer
arose. "Judge," said he, "weren't we
to judge the law as well as the facts?"
"Certainly," was the response; "but
I told you not to judge the law unless
you were clearly satisfied that you knew
the law better than I did." "Well,"
answered the farmer, as he satified
his quid, "we considered that pint."



There's an odd old
yellow.
That sits in a que-
ry about the door.
With an awning of
He's sleeping who
And he calls to w-
pass.
"Cheap, cheap."

Head's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the
normal action of the alimentary canal.

"German Syrup"

I simply state that I am Druggist
and Postmaster here and am there-
fore in a position to judge. I have
tried many Cough Syrups but for
ten years past have found nothing
equal to Boschee's German Syrup.
I have given it to my baby for Croup
with the most satisfactory results.
Every mother should have it. J. H.
HOBBS, Druggist and Postmaster,
Moffat, Texas. We present facts,
living facts, of to-day Boschee's
German Syrup gives strength to the
body. Take no substitute.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT



CURED ME.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.
Gentlemen:—I desire to tell you just how I
was, so that the public may know of your
wonderful Swamp-Root. Two years ago
last October I had spells of vomiting; I could
not keep anything in my stomach; the Doctor
said I had consumption of the stomach and
bowels; continued to run down in weight; I
was reduced to 60 lbs. I would vomit
blood, and at one time as much as three pints;
we had two of the best Physicians and they
said my case was hopeless. "Oh, my sufferings
were terrible." A neighbor told us of your
Swamp-Root, and my husband got a bottle; I
took it to please him. I used six bottles of
Swamp-Root and I am now nearly as well as
ever. I weigh 108 lbs., do my own work and
take care of my baby. Every one says, I was
raised from the dead, and many will not be-
lieve that I am still living until they come and
see me, and then they can't believe their own
eyes, I am looking so well." Very gratefully,

Mrs. JOHN CHAMPIER,
Jan. 10th, 1903. Antwerp, N. Y.
At Druggists, 50c. or \$1.00 Size.
"Invalids' Guide to Health" and
Consumption Free.
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.
Trial Free. At Druggists 50c.

FARMERS SEND PRODUCE To F. I. Sage & Son.

193 GRADE STREET, NEW YORK.
Produce of kind of Corn, Potatoes, including
Game, Live and Dressed Poultry and Dressed
Calves, Specialties—Berries, Grapes, Apples,
Pears, Peaches, Onions and Potatoes. Correspond-
ence and orders to be sent to F. I. Sage & Son, 193
Grade Street, New York, N. Y. Commercial Re-
sponse, to be found at any bank.

HEED THE WARNING

Which nature is constantly giving in the shape
of boils, pimples, eruptions, ulcers, etc. These
show that the blood is contaminated, and some
assistance must be given to relieve the trouble.
Is the remedy to force out these poi-
sons, and enable you to

GET WELL.

"I have had for years a humor in my blood,
which made me dread to shave, as small boils or
pimples would be sent, thus causing the shaving to
be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles
of my face is all clear and smooth as it
should be, and my appetite splendid, sleep
well, and feel like running a foot
all from the use of S. B. S.

Chas. HEATON, 73 Laurel St., Phila.
Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

KARL'S GLOVER ROOT

IT GIVES
FRESH
NESS
TO THE
FACE
AND
SKIN.
CURES CONSTITUTION
AND
SKIN
DISEASES.

An excellent medicine for curing all
skin diseases, such as Eczema, Psoriasis,
and all other eruptions. It is a
perfectly safe and reliable remedy.
KARL'S GLOVER ROOT, 100
N. 3rd St., St. Paul, Minn.

BOILED CURED BY DR. WILSON, 100 N. 3rd St., St. Paul, Minn.

There's an odd old
yellow.
That sits in a que-
ry about the door.
With an awning of
He's sleeping who
And he calls to w-
pass.
"Cheap, cheap."

I never could tell
For just as soon as
To the swinging
fine.
He is off with a f-
But far away in th-
I hear him crying
"Cheap, cheap."

AN OUTDOOR

Everyone knows
variable climate a-
is utterly spoiled
an ugly wind. It
shut ourselves in
truder, yet have a
the opposite side
children it is a gr-
quite a substantial
door playhouse, de-
fects from the d-
too hot sun; the
better off to spe-
"the open." Even
her nap under the
drawing in health
every breath. If
the tent, the child
bound because the
recent shower or f-
even if there is no
ful provision for
ment that can be
delightful play
built by utilizing
some bowlders for
shelter could be m-
stout posts at the
over it a canopy o-
the heavy striped
tains for two sid-
to button or tie in
on the sides when
Demorets.

A UNIQUE

A wren built
New Jersey farm,
the farm house sa-
her young to sing
them and sang he-
tinctly, and one of
to imitate her. A
a few notes its
the tune. The
where the young
went very distinct
remainder. The
second attempt,
had ceased before
song so long as it
notes were again
again where it
pleted it. Then
the tune and fit-
the mother sang
the second time
again a young bird
her. The wren p-
with this bird as
with the third and
the birds became
[Golden Days.]

ALPHONSO

The little five-
year-old Angora
cat, has a fine
faint animal, big
silkly hair and a
the new American
cat. So has M-
Burnett, who pro-
lery." The Pri-
some day be que-
a lovely Angora
cat some time ago
of Surrey, to show
thought of her.
"deed, beautiful."